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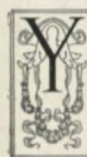
SONG AT TWILIGHTHazel Birch

Dumb Dame

Being the first of a series of adventures of Olive, a working maiden as told to

ROSE PEAGLER

The Prize-Winning "Wesleyan" Short Story for November



YOU see, that was the night Joe reopened the place,—that was when I was cash register there—with the "Cowboys" playing, and a swell floor show besides, and nearly all the big shots coming in after the theater for drinks. It was all going off swell, when in come a bunch of men. I didn't pay any attention to them at first. After the first few hundred, all pairs of pants look striped to me, so when Fatty, in the front, takes in all the air around in a big breath, and sends it out steam-heated and highly-scented across the counter at me, I didn't even look up from the middle button on his fat little belly. And he says on the outcoming sigh—

"Babe, I always knowed there was somethin' to that—I mean gentlemen prefer blondes!"

Not having set there two years uninformed, I didn't even bother to think up anything sizzling to say back at him, and was just using the old one about "I mean blondes prefer gentlemen!" rather sophisticated, when the guy behind him that had been whacking away on a wadda gum the size of a Irish potato like he was paid for it just says,

"Shut up!"

Then the sidekicks wander off to the side of the room and he slams his gum under the counter and leans over on his elbows and says

"Baby, don't mind Toady. He's just that way."

Well, personally, it wasn't worth a toss-up which I liked less. I remember what Joe told me about being decent to a customer as long as I could before I cut anybody's throat, so I pulled up my eyebrow and took it easy.

But anyway, that was the night of the opening you know, and if you were there, or read about it, you remember everything was lighted in dark green and blue. Joe's whinsy that way ever since he took a trip across the river. Jim says it was probably up the river. Jim has to

have his little joke. But anyway, what I mean is Joe thought it looked like it was underwater (it looked drowned all right) and he had fishes and things around and the blues-singer was dressed like a mermaid, and that ain't all, you oughta seen the Cowboys being Neptune's bunch—and the chorus girls sitting around on rocks barelegged. I looked over towards Neptune, who was Bill, and thought how I tied his crown on with pink ribbon for him and how he might be bringing home the bacon to go in our groceries someday, so I was really surprised to hear the guy in front start talking. I thought he'd already gone by while I had my head turned. He was leaning way over and I felt queer about it, but thought he was going to whisper something personal to me. It was a little personal when it came—

"Listen, sister, I've gotcha covered from this coat pocket. One peep outta yuh, and them peepers of yores get a peep at hell". (I remember thinking this was funny, as I turned white around the gills) "Just keep on doin' what you're doin', calmlike, and hand me the insides of that typewriter, and hurry up—and I suppose yuh'd better keep quiet about it."—Just like a breeze!

Well, I consider yelling and getting them caught and getting myself shot, but I consider it briefly, and before I know what's happened all of them are gone—in through the door they came and the other two, I reckon, through the side exits—with the cash receipts of the breakdown!

I let out one big yell for Joe, and here he comes splitting wind, and half the gang hightailing it behind him outta his office which was next to where I was. The bunch inside the dance hall hadn't heard a thing on account of the noise them and Bill's boys were making. Well, Joe comes out like he expects to find me going down for the third time in my own blood, and is surprised to find me alive and doing well. It don't take me

long to spill everything I know about it, and the gang leaves all at once, top speed, after I tell them what way they went, but for love, money or life, I couldn't tell them how any of them looked, except one was fat. The boss that did the frisking had half his head behind one of those everlasting fishes and the light being awful like it was, and him with his collar turned up, I couldn't tell whether he looked like Clark Gable or President Roosevelt, and at the time didn't care much either way, but now, Joe lights into me about being a dumb dame, and not having no way to trace them in the night traffic, and makes me feel pretty low. Well, meanwhile, Joe and the rest, except those that left looking for them, went back in to keep the customers from knowing anything was up.

And I set wondering what under the moon I'm gonna do. I knew that'd be the end of that job for me, and besides I feel sorta guilty and I figger that it'll make me out pretty dumb. I'd wanted to call the coppers right away, but Joe has reasons of his own for not wanting them in on it. While I'm sittin' there looking at the counter, in comes Jim. He came tearing over to me and said,

"Where'd they go?"

"Where'd who go and who're you?" I says back.

He looks at me like maybe he's mistaken, and laughs right in my face. I coulda spit at him, but he was gone before I was able to say anything. I cussed him out to make me feel better, and waited for Joe, the old horse, to come fire me, which he did presently.

Well, anybody with bat brains woulda left things alone—but not little Olive. I can't stand it 'til I get this thing settled, although right now I don't see much I can do about it. While Joe was pronouncing last rites, I did have a thought that nearly knocked my teeth out—the Mystery Man had a mustache! I remembered it distinctly now—but what's a mere mustache when you don't know

whether there's a mug back of it or not?!

The next day I'm so peeved about getting fired, I hate Joe's guts, and the further away from him the happier I'll be, I feel like I gotta get away from that enda town or shoot somebody, besides my feelings are sorta hurt, so I streak out to Tony's on East Side to brood over the problem of eating to live.

I'm at the back table with my face to the kitchen as its the only vacant one when I come in. But I'm not there long before the folks at the table back of me leave and another crowd come in a little while and take their place. In a few minutes, I hear one of them say something about Joe's. Then another one said that the girl on the third stump in that pond scene, was God's gift to gangsters, and they kept saying silly things and laughing at themselves 'til one says,

"How about you boys from the Sun-kist Taxicab Company? Do you go in for night life, Jasper?"

Jasper says "I don't, but some of them do—occasionally—but I suppose yuh better keep quiet about it".

Well, to this day I still suffer the effects of that mouthful of hot chili I swallowed unconsciously. When I got conscious again, I jerks out my pocket mirror, and looks back at them. One of those men is that one! None of them's got a mustache! Just then they get up and I mean I look the other way 'til they get out. Then I jerk the scarf off my neck. I've decided on a grand slam. Here's where the heroine single-handed catches the villain, red-handed, which is almost literal, as I intend to finger-print him. On second thought it dawns on me I don't know where the villain sat. Once started though Jim say I'm as stubborn as the devil, so I decide to annex a collection of glassware to my trophies, as I intend to take all five glasses in order to get the right prints. Understanding waiters' lack of understanding, I see I've gotta do this little job under cover, so to speak. Not being so hot at shop-liftin', I must not have been getting all five glasses under my coat—under cover.

I see them coming and let out towards the door. Somebody catches me by the back of my coat and another lams down on my head with a chair. I didn't have time to be unconscious long, and when somebody pour water in my face, I wake up sweetly. Then dawn busts. I see that the—that girl—had messed up the finger prints on one of my glasses by insisting on using it to pore water on me with. I am too peeved to spit, and look around me at the scene of the wreck. Three glasses are smashed to pieces and my heart with them.

"Please give me the two glasses left."

I begged, and something slipped and I start crying.

"No sir, young woman, you're going to jail, and you're going to serve time for shop-liftin'."

Seein' he was such as he is, I change tactics.

"Listen you—you gravy peddler—do you know who you're talking to? I didn't tell you before because it's a rule with us dames not to let on who we are until the last ditch. Well—*You're* the last ditch—and *I'm* grandly, "*I am secret operator No. 222!*"

I made it as impressive as I could considering the fact that I still sat upon the bar-room floor. He seemed a little unimpressed.

"So peezed to meetcha", the big wart said, "I'm Mr. Mussolini, Miss 222, and this charming lady on my left" he pointed to that ole scrawny waitness with her hair all stringy, and looking like she had et something sour for dinner and said, "This is her highness, the Queen of Denmark, and we will be so glad to have you spend a while with us, *when* you get back from jail."

"But I am No. 222—there's no doubt about—"

"No doubt, but where yore badge?"

"I—I left it home—You see I was

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

*When I was very young,
The world belonged to me—
To me belonged each rosebush—
To me each apple tree.*

*When I was very young,
My elders frowned on me—
To think I owned the world—
They said I'd see
The world was for the strong—
And not for such as me.*

*And now I'm very old
(I'm nearly twenty-three)
There're no roses on my rosebush
And no apples on my tree*

*And though I'm very old,
I think at last I see
Since you took the roses
And the apples from my tree—
The world belongs to you—
And not at all to me.*

Rose Peagler.

lookin' for some gentlemen—er—gangster friends of mine and I was a little afraid I might er—hurt their feelings—er—I mean be searched or—"

"Oh, you were?"—as he pushed me, steering by my coatcollar, face to face with Jim!

"She's right, Tony—she's 222. Let'er go."

Tony looked stunned. Words beat his breath out trying to get out first. He left backwards, apologizin'.

Keepin' his lips pulled back, so Tony would think he was talkin' to a long-lost friend, Jim says,

"My dear little Goldilocks, did the nasty ole bears nearly get you? And do you mind tellin' me, Miss 222, where the hell you get the nerve to—bandy our good name around like this?"

By now I just can't stand anymore, and besides my constitution hurts from that fall. I just break down and cry all over him. He is nice and lets me bawl in his arms, and it's such a sweet feeling, I cry a little longer than necessary—and I think he held me a little tighter than necessary—for support—but then he says,

"Stop it, kid, I know why you came. It's about that hold-up last night at Joe's I knew when I saw you, you wouldn't talk, but I knew something happened. I traced them there. I happen to be Secret Service Operative 222. Now let's get what we know together, and do something about it."

I knew Joe wouldn't like it—but I had to have those two glasses—so I tell him.

Jim is just swell. Really, I'm a hog about Jim!. He takes me with him to get the glasses fingerprinted. When the prints are done, one set actually does turn out to belong to a member of a night gang that had done a good many raids several seasons ago. He had been caught—and when we looked him up, found out that he had escaped in a jail-break.

Me, I'm thrilled to death, and with Jim's men, we catch them the next day at Tony's. Tony, of course, had to be bribed to keep him from tipping off the crew, and I can't understand now, how the old horse's neck kept from double-crossing. They musta watched him every breath he took.

I wasn't so interested in that then. I couldn't see anything but Jim! You know how silly people get when they feel like I did.

I do remember, though, that when Jasper wanted to know how he was caught, I got a big kick outta telling him about his fingerprints being on the wadda gum under the counter—like ruts on a Irish potato!

Wesleyan Today

Four Editorials

PHYSICAL LIFE AT WESLEYAN

BY ALICE COOK



PROBABLY the first thing a casual observer notices about Wesleyan college is the physical beauty of the college campus and buildings—the second thing, when they become a little less casual, is the beauty of the girls (not bragging—it's just what we have heard).

Now a sketch of the physical life of Wesleyan would have to include both of these phases and how they work together—what the campus offers to the girl and what the girl adds to the campus. A swell tennis court won't mean nearly so much vacant as it would with a good looking girl on it—and a good looking girl may not stay good looking so long if she doesn't frequent said tennis court occasionally—so there you are.

Of course Wesleyan is not unique among colleges in laying a great deal of stress upon physical development—it is what might be called a modern trend among colleges, but Wesleyan as it always has been is unique in bringing the best to women—it again offers a girl much more along this line than can be found anywhere else. In a University, co-ed school or large girl's school a girl must be a physical education major to even have the opportunity for a little participation in sports of any sort.

At Wesleyan every student on the campus through the physical education department receives a certain amount of required instruction—but even if it weren't required the classes would be but slightly smaller, we believe, as is evident because of the large number of students who take several additional hours even not receiving credit on it—simply because they are interested. Physical education classes include every possible type of instruction, two of the favorite classes being (probably because they are new) golf and horseback riding. Other courses include instruction in sports as soccer, hockey and basketball; natural dancing, tap dancing and tumbling; swimming, of course every senior is required to

know a certain number of swimming strokes which is just as important as knowing a certain number of Latin verbs and probably much more useful.

In addition to the required physical education courses the college athletic association sponsors a very full program. It has charge of all competitive contests—the job of arousing class spirit is not a very large one—the hatchet is yet to be buried between the tri-k and golden heart classes. If you have breakfast in the college dining room on Thanksgiving morning when eggs and bacon remain untouched because excitement reaches such a state that it isn't even noticed that they occupy the usual place—there is no doubt in your mind—that somebody—tho you'd never figure out who—wants to and intends to win a soccer game that day.

Following soccer comes basketball, which is equally as exciting—then the spring sports—swimming and tennis—of course this doesn't include many of what we term minor sports—such as golf, archery, volley ball and hiking—there is something for everybody and everybody does something.

A small "w" called the walking "w" is given each year for those having hiked 300 miles during the course of the school term and there were more than 20 given last year and indications that there will be still more this year.

Although soccer and basketball occupy the lime-light while in college as they give more opportunity for display of class spirit emphasis is coming more and more to be laid on what we term "carry-over" sports. College students are learning things they can do and enjoy the rest of their lives—they are going out of college educated in many lines—and instead of being the climax or termination of physical development and participation today—college days are as they should be just a preparation and beginning for a physical life which will last on and on—but what a delightful preparation!

INTELLECTUAL LIFE AT WESLEYAN

BY AMY CLECKLER



THE twentieth century might well be termed the "insurance age". Our automobiles, our homes, our health, our lives, all are insured. We have theft insurance, fire insurance, accident insurance, educational insurance, unemployment insurance. We hear that champion hog callers may even insure their voices. But I want to tell you about a kind of insurance even more wonderful than any that modern business offers.

This "Wesleyan insurance" comes high. The premiums take four years of constant work to pay. But the company is reliable, and the policy always pays in full.

Wesleyan insurance is insurance against loneliness in the years to come. Only two types of people are never lonesome. The first type is so shallow that nothing but the physical problems of life ever occupy his attention; the second type has a mind well stocked with facts and an ability to use these facts. He has an intellectual curiosity.

Wesleyan attempts to supply the facts. Then she encourages us to absorb them, make them a part of us. We are not merely expected to memorize the words of teacher and text that we may simply give back the same information on the semester exams. Wesleyan teaches us to think—to

organize our knowledge, to see the world in a better perspective, to perfect our relationship with other people, and, most important of all, to understand ourselves.

Wesleyan insurance helps a girl create a world of her own, inhabited by the greatest people of history, of literature, of philosophy, of science who have lived throughout the ages. To this world she may retire and leave the worries around her, finding herself contented.

Of course one of the greatest advantages a small college such as Wesleyan offers is the possibility of more intimate acquaintance of faculty and student. It is inspiring to be in daily companionship with older people so interested in the cultural and so anxious to communicate this interest to us.

To live with a group of girls who have similar literary ideals and are serious in their desire to cultivate an appreciation of the beautiful is also inspirational.

The very beauty of the Wesleyan campus and equipment is conducive to serious study. Our Candler Memorial Library with its atmosphere of quiet and its perfect reading equipment is so lovely that it is a real pleasure to work there. Twenty-two thousand volumes, a great variety of newspapers, and one hundred and nineteen of the best of current magazines are at our disposal.

The pleasure that is ours while acquiring our insurance is great, but it is insignificant in companion to the joys it brings in later life. Although the price of Wesleyan insurance is high, surely you will agree with me it is well worth its price.

SOCIAL LIFE AT WESLEYAN

BY FRANCES McCANN



HE world at large today is probably more social conscious than it has ever been before. But a group of young girls,—16, 17, or 18—who have been living at home, petted, and spoiled, and given about everything they could wish for, will be the most rugged individualists you could find anywhere. In their rather narrow worlds they have been able to do about as they please. They have lived in a more or less limited environment socially, mentally and spiritually.

Such a group of girls come to Wesleyan each fall and set out on the most broadening and deepening experience of their lives when a concentrated effort is made to help them adjust and harmonize their lives to the world about them by a more or less thorough knowledge of that world and the cultivation of an open minded, tolerant, yet inquiring spirit toward it.

The social organization of our campus is set up with just that end in view. By social organization I mean how we live together in compact dormitories and achieve any social order or happiness. Every group to live satisfactorily and happily

together must have some governmental organization. We have worked out one at Wesleyan which functions for the good of the whole group—faculty and students—and yet carries weighty emphasis on the development of the individual. This is where the main emphasis lies in all our student activities—enrichment and cultivation of the best in each individual, but, of course, against the background of the group. Our government is a laboratory for citizenship in the world at large. This laboratory seeks to instill in girls an acute sense of the relationship between privilege and responsibility, and also to give them a working regard for the rights of others and the courtesies due them.

There are many other organizations which help bring out qualities of leadership and mean personal participation for each girl. An adequate calendar of social events and entertainments means fun and relaxation from strenuous campus life.

In deed and in truth, Wesleyan today gives to us a full and well-rounded life, and one which will mean more and more enrichment to our lives down through the years.

SPIRITUAL LIFE AT WESLEYAN

BY FRANCES TOWNSEND



IS natural, when discussing the spiritual life on any campus, one thinks first of those activities which are religious in purpose and form. At Wesleyan, I think, we have the most splendidly worked out religious program of which I have ever become a part. Various committees in harmony with the plan of our Y. W. C. A. present services which suit the needs of the students.

We begin each day with a short devotional program before breakfast, and at night a meditation service is held in each building. Vespers are of two types: On Wednesday evening we have what might be termed a "beauty" program for the enrichment of our minds and appreciation of lovely music and literature. So wonderfully arranged is this brief period, it brings a sort of rest and quiet to our otherwise turbulent and ever active minds! It is at our Sunday night service that we have the opportunity of hearing speakers older and wiser in experience than we. Since none of these services, with the exception of Sunday Vespers, are compulsory, those who attend find them a necessary part of their spiritual development. The very fact that the girls plan and present these

worship services affords training in spiritual leadership.

These are the main formal opportunities given for worship. But turning now to individual worship, I find myself realizing that this is the dominant form of communion with God—in any place. Each girl has her own religion, her own manner of finding God, but we have something more glorious at Wesleyan than any other College—the solemn yet profound beauty which surrounds us. No girl at school looks at a sunset from her window, sees a lovely tree or landscape without sensing the presence of God—without seeing His wondrous power and goodness manifest. It is then that an inward growth in God takes place; for she praises Him and in doing so absorbs some of the beauty for her own life. To be utterly oblivious of this God is impossible on our campus because of that *deep undercurrent of religion* that runs through the entire student body and faculty. One must live at Wesleyan, contact the students, to feel the dynamic power of the intangible spiritual tone that is there.

God is on our campus—in the lives of each of us, in our ideals and in our activities.

The Ivy Trimmied

The Second-Prize Story for November

— HELEN PAFFORD



WELL Pa, guess we might jist as well start thet ivy crawlin' up the porch agin and trim it off the roof. He ain't never a-comin' back but th' ain't no use in lettin' things stop 'round here, I reckon."

"Guess you're right, Ma. Allus had my doubts about takin' the young'un anyhow. Him having a pa what got killed in a fight and a ma what brung on the fight. It's jist in the blood and th' aint nothin' man ner God can do 'bout it after this long."

"Yeh, but Pa, you know he did have the twinklinest eyes. . . ."

"Huh! Good-fer-nothin' scamp—that's whut he was".

But Pa Jenkins kicked viciously at the ladder with his heavy brown brogans as he started climbing up to criss-cross the wires on the trellis at the edge of the porch of the little unpainted two-room house. They had lived there for 35 years, alone for 10 years, ever since Jasper had run away.

Pa just couldn't help thinking how he and Ma had taken Jasper when he was about two years old and had humored him and done more for him than a hired turpentine stiller could afford. They never refused him very much—until he decided he wanted to join the navy. That had been the first thing and then just as though a cloud of disagreements had been waiting for the initial drop, others poured down on them.

Jasper wanted to work all day in the filling station instead of going to school and working afternoons and nights. But Ma was scared he'd be held up so they wouldn't let him. And then Pa wanted Jasper to ride the woods with him and learn to supervise the negroes who dipped resin in his turpentine woods. But Jasper sulked and said the smell of resin made him sick. Then everything went wrong and finally one morning Jasper didn't come to breakfast.

Later another boy's mother told them that Jasper was working his way to Australia on a tramp steamer. They had written again and again but had never heard a word. Still later someone told

them he was a clerk in the offices of a steamship company in South America, but if he was, he did not acknowledge it to them.

And so life in the ugly little house at the edge of the pine grove had gone on much the same with only one thing remaining as a king of memorial for them to take care of. And that was the ivy that grew over the porch making a screen so thick that it had to be cut down and thinned out once a year.

When Jasper was five, Ma had been repotting some ferns one day and had thrown out a piece of ivy that had come up in one of the old lard cans. (Ma's tin cans didn't detract a bit from the beauty of her flowers. They bloomed in spite of the cans and their sordid shelter). Jasper, who was playing in the yard, saw the ivy and with his tiny hands sticky with dirt and water and the remains of red-striped candy, had dug a little hole and planted it. Ma had been so proud of him because she just knew he was going to be one of those gentleman-farmers like Mr. Persons who owned their place. She had shown it to Pa when he came in from the woods and together they had nursed the ivy into a surprisingly thick vine. But it had been definitely Jasper's vine and he had really trimmed it and kept it until he left home.

So it happened that on this typically sultry summer day Pa hadn't gone to work because, although no one knew it but them, he and Ma had always set aside this particular day to fix Jasper's vine. They could always say it was the right time of year to trim ivy and no one would ever realize that it was really the day of the year that Jasper had run away.

"Good mornin' Hiram", Pa hailed from the top of his ladder as a neighboring farmer rattled by in his wagon. "Ain't seen you 'round fer a coupla days. Ain't nothin' wrong, is there?"

"Th' ain't nothing wrong 'zactly, Bill, but there jist ain't nothin' right", Hiram drawled as he checked in his team and the old loose-jointed wagon quieted down. "That there gal of our'n wants to git married and her ma is 'bout to turn over

and die cause the boy is one of them Injuns that's been farmin' over on old man Peter's place. That house is jist a gosh-awful place to live in, I'm tellin' you. All them women screechin' out at'cha all the time. And then thet half-breed sneakin' up there every night. Ain't nothin' right no more, and things is so mixed up you cain't tell whether it's all wrong or you're jist kinda out-a-whack.

"Sho' does seem quiet 'n peaceful down here, Bill," mused Hiram as he watched Bill clip the ivy and saw Bill's wife come out the door to water the flowers standing tall and rich in their lard cans and old nail kegs around the edge of the porch.

"Yeh, things is mighty quiet 'n peaceful here. Ain't even no chillun to make noise or nothin'."

"Thet's right, Bill. Ain't you never heard from that boy of your'n? He was a right promisin' fellow 'fore he got too smart. Ever hear from him Bill?"

"Naw, we ain't. . . ."

"Why Bill, go on 'n tell Hiram 'bout Jasper. T'ain't no need in hidin' his success. Why the last letter we had from the boy, he'd jist been made a head man in thet there office he's been aworkin' in fer so long. Yes, sir", continued Bill's wife as she come out in the yard to dig around the four o'clock bushes, "he's a fine fellow, ain't he, Bill?"

"Y-yeh. He—He's all right."

"Well, you folks is pow'rful lucky he run away 'n you ain't got to bother with him no more. Pow'rful lucky. Wish't I was in your fix. Well, got to be gittin' on now. G'bye".

"Bill Jenkins, y'ain't got a smidgin' o' pride left in your bones," scolded his wife as Hiram bumped off. "Th' ain't no need o' you goin' and tellin' everybody we ain't never heard from Jasper this late. You been the one all these years makin' up the stories 'bout him and now you wanta go and ruin it all. What's got into ya? Y'ain't scared, is you?"

"Naw Ma. I ain't scared," mused Bill as he leaned his back on the ladder, supporting himself on his heels and stretching his arms behind his head.

"Th' ain't nothin' to be scared uv now,

But lawd, Ma, if I ever saw thet boy's face agin, I'd throw him in thet bilin' resin so fast he wouldn't never know what happened."

"Why Pa, y'ain't never talked thet fierce 'bout him. Y'ain't heard o' no more strange stories 'bout him, is you?"

"Ain't heard nothin' and don't never wanta hear nothin'," Bill sulked as he climbed down from the ladder. "And thet old vine can rot if it waits fer me to fix it cause I'm through, I tell ya, I'm through. Don't never mention thet boy's name to me agin. Last year I promised myself thet if he ain't come back by this year, he wan't never comin' in this house again. Fer 10 years I been aholdin' m'self in and a'makin' out like it was all right. Well, it ain't all right, Ma, and I ain't a-carin' who knows it ain't."

By this time Pa had the ladder under his arm and was still mumbling about it as he went around the corner of the house and left Ma standing there staring after him as though she had seen him turn to a devil right before her eyes.

"Well, if thet don't beat all", she remarked calmly as she turned back to her flowers. The fresh, piney odor of the boiling resin drifted across from the still and the old spotted cow rubbed her nose against the fence that kept some of the chickens out of the white sandy road. The dogs were so much a part of the hot summer day that they lay contentedly in the middle of the road, oblivious of the heavily loaded turpentine trucks that thundered over them.

As Ma worked in the beds of "red ver-bena" she pushed her bonnet back from her head and let it hang down her back.

"Course now, I guess Pa is kind a peeved about Jasper. 'N then I reckon fixin' that vine and thinkin' about it so much. But he ain't never talked like thet before. Sounded like he thought Jasper might a been a-comin' home and he jist had to git good 'n mad so's he could get real happy when he did see him. But Jasper ain't never a-comin' home, I know. He would a told us somethin' if he hadn't a been dead. But I knowed long time ago thet boy had died and Pa jist wouldn't pay me no mind. He would keep on expectin' him ev'ry year. And ev'ry year I reckon he jist cain't stand another if he don't come. But he ain't never comin'."

Pa came around the corner of the house and started toward the gate. He stopped thoughtfully with one foot on the chain of the gate and leaned on it for a moment, swinging it open and shut almost as an undecided child might play on it thoughtfully.

"Ma, I got an awful feelin' this mornin' thet Jasper's a-comin' home 'fore

long. If he does, you better keep 'im over here. Don't let him come near that still, Ma. I'm a-warnin' ye."

"Jasper ain't never a-comin' home, Pa. It's jist like I been a-tellin' ye. He ain't never a-comin' back".

"Ma, I been a-tellin' lies 'bout thet boy fer 10 years and I'm a-quittin' right now. If anybody asks me where he is, I'm gonna tell 'em I jist don't know. Th' ain't no use in lying a lifetime 'bout somebody like that. An Ma, don't you let him in thet house if he comes 'fore I get back. I done promised m'self if he don't come home by the tenth time I trimmed thet ivy he ain't a-comin' in thet house agin."

The next spring the ivy grew untrimmed and made its way across the roof of the shabby little house, some even straying up the rock chimney and building a green border around the top of it. A month before there had been a letter from Jasper but Pa wouldn't answer it and Ma couldn't spell well enough to write him. Then Pa finally wrote after two or three other letters and told him he needn't write any more cause they didn't want to see him.

"Th' ain't no need a-givin' in to him the minute he wants to come home. Fer 11 years he wouldn't pay us no mind 'n now he thinks he's better'n his own folks and jist wants to show off."

"Pa, it ain't thet. He's done told you it was cause he was shamed-faced and wouldn't come til he'd made good. Cain't cha see, Pa, he wants to come see us."

"Tain't no use, Ma. I done told him he wan't a-comin' home and he ain't a-comin'. . . Uhhmm. Th' ain't nothin' like the smell of them pines."

And Pa sniffed loudly and for several seconds Ma wouldn't know how near the tears had come.

But Jasper didn't come home.

For another year the vine grew and one tender sprig had worked its way

through a little crack at the window. Ma did love it so. And this spring, since she had been sick, she had watched the tiny pale leaves turn dark and then darker. When she prayed that Pa would let Jasper come before she died, she looked at the little sprig as though it alone could make Pa change his mind.

"Pa," she said feebly one morning, "the vine's a-comin' in the house. Ain't 'cha never gonna cut it?"

"Aw Ma, let it grow. Looks good from the outside to see it coverin' the house."

That had been when Ma first got sick and only once since then had she mentioned Jasper. But she didn't get better as the doctor had said she would. There wasn't much wrong with her, he told Pa, and when she didn't get better, he finally said he didn't know and that all they could do was just wait.

Well, Pa kept waiting and waiting and Ma got weaker all the time. He just couldn't make up his mind. Then one day he wandered in her room quietly and sat on the bed by her. It was late afternoon and from her bed by the window Ma could see just a streak of the reddened sky through the heavy ivy on the porch.

"Pa", she said faintly, "It's a-gittin' pow'ful thick again—and it's awful dark in here. I'd kinder like fer it to be a little lighter, so's I could see the sky ag'in. Ain'tcha never gonna fix it ag'in, Pa, never? You won't have to trim it mor'n once more fer me, I'm a-thinkin' in."

Ma had been looking out the window and she didn't turn when Pa left the room and went in the kitchen.

"Well, if this ain't the on-gone-dest pencil I ever seed," he grumbled as he spread his elbows out on the sea-island cover of the kitchen table and began struggling over an old writing tablet.

"Be back to-reckly, Ma," he called through the door, a few minutes later. "M' pipe's done give out o' tobaccy."

But Ma smiled because she had heard him whispering that

"It's a fer piece to South Americy. Better be a-gittin' this off tonight."

YOU DIDN'T COME

Morning—

Tall grasses, smiling, whisper

Through my gate.

The dewdrops dance with laughter

While I wait.

Midnight. And

None but this deep, dark beauty

Knows I'm numb,

As day would be should sunlight

Fail to come.

Helen Pafford.

"Well, Bill, I see you're thinnin' out thet vine o' your'n agin. Been thinking it was gittin' mighty thick over thet porch. But it is pow'ful purty."

"Yeh, Hiram, it's purty but it's jist too dark with it over the porch. And me m' wife, you know, we allus did like a lot o' light."

And Bill winked at his wife as she smiled back at him from her chair on the porch, from which she got up every few minutes to take a long, expectant look down the narrow white road stretch into the pines.

Poor Cheer Leader!

What two Wesleyan Freshmen think of the Football Cheer Leader

BY MYRNA WHITE



AH! Hoo! Rammer Jammer! University of Alabama! Sis boom bah! Rah rah rah! Whee-ee-ee!" And the college cheer leader comes back down to Mother Earth after an imaginary canter on a winged horse—or at least that is how it appears to the spectator. This cheer leader perhaps works harder and receives less glory than any of the players, and although he too gets "hot and bothered" during his violent gyrations, he receives no rub-down, no medical attention,—in fact, *nothing* except a sore throat and a fog-horn voice after the game. He is completely forgotten (that is, if he were ever noticed in the first place) after the crowd has gone home. Football heroes live in the minds of everyone as a result of newspaper publicity, radio announcements, etc., while the cheer leader is seldom, if ever, mentioned in the write-ups or on the broadcast of a game.

Another factor in the publicizing of football heroes lies in the fact that the observers always discuss with infinite care each detailed play of a football game. But does their conversation ever include words of praise for the cheer leader? Of course not, and he is the one who is really deserving of this laudation.

In short, my point is this: I feel truly *sorry* for the poor boys who are "suckers" enough to become cheer leaders, unless they feel, deep down in their hearts, that they want to sacrifice the real pleasure of a football game by spending this time leading a roaring crowd. Their side of the question is probably that they consider themselves *one* of the team; if they can get the student body to cheer, cheer, cheer, and give the players courage and renewed vigor to surge forward to victory, they feel the same pride as does the halfback who makes the winning touchdown.

BY MILLY SPROWL



HE college cheer leader can easily be picked out in a crowd of football, basketball, or baseball fans. He is dressed in immaculate white from head to foot whether the game is in May or December. The initials of his "deah ole Alma Marta" are posted on the front of his sweater in letters of such size that some interested spectator can plainly read them from the very back of the stadium.

His dress is completed by the cocky little hat, which plays a big part in the yells of a cheer leader. It is used to signify that the "cheer" has been fully given when it goes whizzing through the air like the shot out of a cannon, duly followed by the cheer leader himself in two half-seconds.

His entire costume is completed by the most important and significant factor of cheering—his megaphone. Whether it is small, medium, or large the megaphone plays an awfully big part in making the best yell of the evening a howling success or a dismal failure.

The candidate up for an election of cheer leader must be a pretty nearly perfect contortionist, so that the cheers can be given in the perfect, cheery spirit.

Much deliberation is usually given in picking one destined for this much honored position of cheering the team and its individuals. A man of physical endurance and a mouth with some resemblance to that of Joe E. Brown's is needed. Even if its size is not granted something of its vocal power is quite necessary.

The game must go on even if the cheer leader goes down with a case of laryngitis the day before. But what a game—something is gone, and the game comes nearer to being a flop than at any other time, all because of one, most possibly insignificant, person's absence in cheering the team on to victory.

LOVE—BAH!

*You didn't love me and I didn't love you
And we had a glorious time.*

*Life was swell and life was keen
A merry tingling rhyme.*

*We went here—we went there
We never missed a trick.*

*Ah, we had fun—there is no doubt
And we didn't love a lick.*

*Sentiment—bosh! We had no use
For silly souls love-showed.*

*Yes, it was perfect as it was
But oh, if we had loved!*

Alice Cook.

+ The Day +

Changing Ever From Morning Until Night

— FRANCES TOWNSEND

DAWN

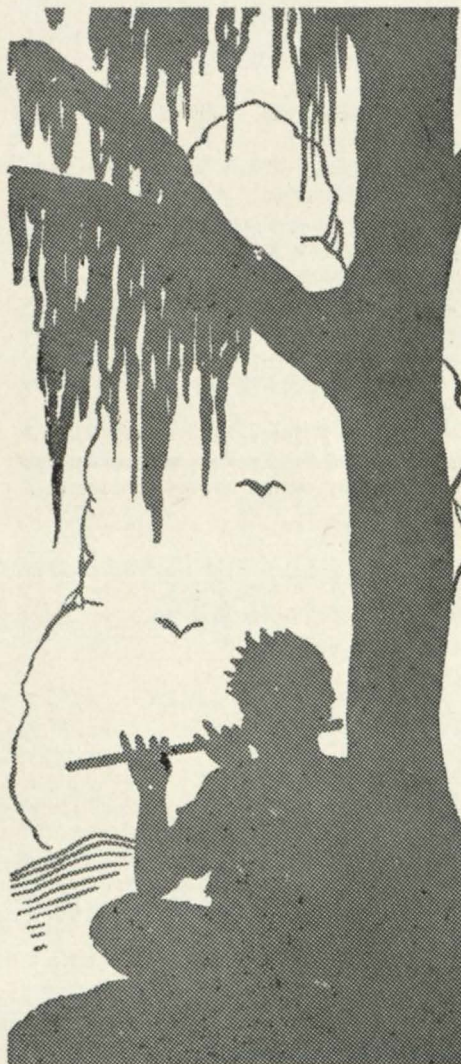
*Vainly Darkness struggles against Light
As high clouds float above.
Day's at last triumphant over Night.
A soft breeze sweeps the sleeping world
Gently shaking drowsy leaves.
Robins from their nests unfurl
A new exhilarating song.
Thus comes the dawn.*

SUNRISE

*Skies grow bright
A blaze of color heralds up the sun.
Then new-born light
Draws long shadows on garden walls;
Wakes flowers in their brown-earth beds;
Makes dew-jeweled petals where it falls.
Rouses dormant man
To a glorious sun-drenched land.*

FORENOON

*Working man pauses now
To rest, gaze heavenward;
Brush sweat from off his brow,
Sees a blue sky glaring in the sun
Relieved by processions of fleecy clouds.
Continues then his task begun
Whistles a happy tune
And labors on till noon.*



TWILIGHT

*In the gray violet of twilight
I am chilled with sudden cold,
Remembering that day, once bright
Is dead; and, wont to grieve
For time and beauty lost,
Grow conscious of the solace I receive
At sight of sleeping flowers.
Am lifted up to kingly towers.*

DUSK

*Embittered by the fate a day had brought
I failed to see the deepening shadows
And the mysteries they had wrought.
I missed the glint of fireflies
Playing red-light in the dusk.
I only knew that Love dies;
And beauty claimed is beauty lost
Made bitter as the fruit by frost.*

NIGHT

*A sky powdered with stars,
The softened palor of a dying moon,
An accentuated, glowing Mars.*

*The intoxicating scent of gardens,
Blossoms in moonlit splendor,
The restless twit of mated robins.*

*A soft breeze sighs,
In beauty day dies.*

NOON

*In the cool shade of trees
I sit and hear the incessant hum,
Watch the work of hurrying bees.
I feel drowsy, listless.
The heavy scent of flowers
Penetrates even my recess.
I view a sun-baked scorching lawn,
Long for the coolness of dawn.*

A Veteran Demands His Due

Hezekiah Interviews a Macon Red Cross Worker

— AMY CLECKLER



ES'M, Miss Red Cross, I sho' wush yer cud fix hit in sum way er udder so's mah fambly kin hab de needcessities of life. If'n hit had'n uv bin fer de World Wah I'd er bin settin' purty, kase I wus gwinter run fer de legislater. Howsomever, now ez I hain't got cep'n one lim', hit kinda meks me lef' out'n biz'ness 'fairs.'

The young Red Cross worker looked steadily at the tattered, crippled darky she was interviewing and prepared to get the necessary information for establishing his veteran claims. "It is unfortunate that you haven't brought the matter to our attention previously, Hezekiah, for it seems possible that we might have helped you before now."

"Praise de Lawd", shouted Hezekiah, "Praise de good Lawd fer all His luvin' kin'ness!"

"Don't expect too much", added the amused worker. She was one of the two salaried workers employed by the Macon Red Cross who are assisted by scores of volunteers throughout the city who offer their services. Hezekiah's was one of the 1,205 cases which came before the local chapter in 1934, approximately 33 per cent of which were Negro applications.

"To help veterans and their families and the families of deceased veterans are our primary obligations. It comes before any of the other fields of our work." She explained.

"Glory be!" supplemented Hezekiah.

"Come, be seated over there, please, while I write down your name, your wife's name, and your children's names. Your full name?"

"Sho, mis'tess! Mah full name am Hezekiah Endicott Jones."

"Gracious, you were well labelled," the young lady smilingly remarked as she recorded his name on the blue card. "Your wife's name, please."

"Well, hit's thisaway!" Hezekiah explained as he drew a ragged sleeve across his perspiring, furrowed forehead. "Mah

present wife call herself Liza Jane Smith."

"Hmmm, just how many wives have you had, Hezekiah?"

"Lawsy mussy! If I ain' fergot persackly. Lemme see. Fo' er mebbe five. Dere's Hortensia Wood, mah fus' wife. Lan' but she wuz toler'ble keen. Her'n eyes wuz de blackest, her'n teeth wuz de whitest her'n. . . ."

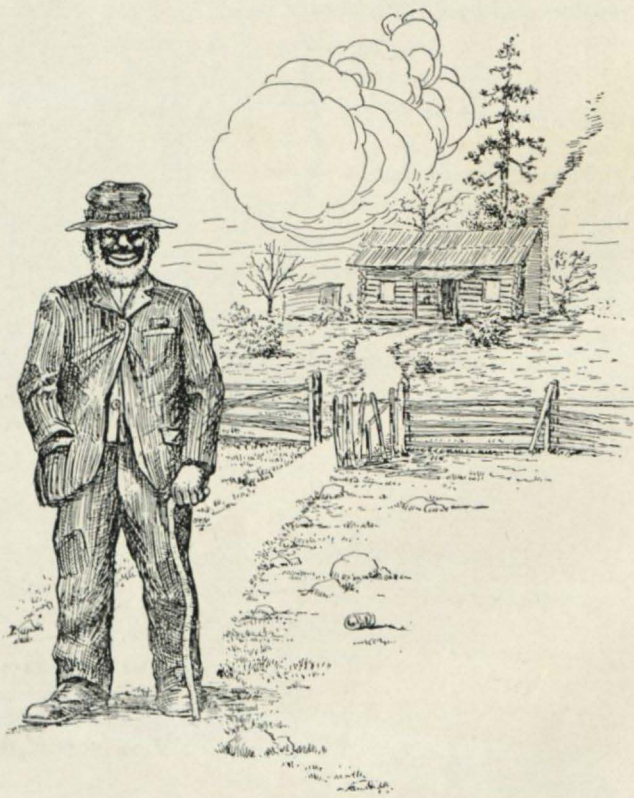
"When did you divorce—er—Hortensia, Hezekiah?"

"When'd I 'vorce her? Lawd, Miss, I ain't 'vorced 'er. En fack she ain't never done nuthin' ter be 'vorced fer, fer ez I kin see."

Dumbfounded, the Red Cross representative proceeded with her interview. "But surely you can't have had other wives then."

"'Deed I has. Nex' in line come Josephine Redding," Hezekiah continued, undaunted. "En atter her come Bertha Bell Hester, ez purty en fetchin' ez any gal de sun eber shined on. Den las' in line en mos' 'portant iz mah present wife, 'Liza Jane Fletcher ter who I done 'ferred yer."

Hezekiah shifted his one leg to a more comfortable position, smiled broadly showing a flashing row of unbelievably white teeth. "'Sarnin' mah chillun, dere's



eight uv 'em what's 'pendent on me fer vittles. Ter keep frum fusin' 'em in mah min' I calls each one uv 'em by his'n Mammy's las' name. Dis is how dey runs—"He counted them off proudly on his black stubby fingers. "By mah fus wife dere's Franciana en Archibald Wood. Dere wuz mo' uv 'em, but w'en me en dere mammy taken leave uv n'other, so ter speak, she 'greed ter keep kyar'n de res' uv 'em if'n I'd take one lil' gal en 'Baldy'. Den dere's Argentina Redding ('Tina zemble 'er mammy ter perfexion). Mah followin' wife ain't have no chillun; but Liza Jane, de one I got dese days, git me three man-chiles, Jesse, Jamie, en Joshua, en two lil' gals, Rachael en Rebecca. Hit iz fo' dese po' lil' cull'd creeters en dere kin' en 'ligious mammy dat I meks mah plea, Miss Red Cross. I'll be moughty 'bleeged ter you for holpin' me."

"Hezekiah, I really don't see how we can do anything for you unless we can see your legal marriage licenses and divorce papers. We have to obey the law. You see, as matters stand," she explained patiently, "your present—er—'wife' has no claim to anything from the government because of your injury. Er—can't you see, Hezekiah, she is not really what you might call your wife."

"Lan' sakes, Miss Red Cross, you done back down on me. Yes'm she am mah wife. Me en her bin stickin' tergedder thu' thick'n thin fer goin' on seven year. How come she ain' mah wedded wife?"

"Miss Red Cross" glanced out of her office at the waiting mob, the pitiful mass of poor—black and white, young and old—who clustered there, some eagerly, some resignedly, waiting to ask help. For a second her gaze was riveted upon a squat woman, young yet somehow old with her dull face, sagging body, and drab clothes, who leaned against a marble column in the lobby holding a tousled-headed baby girl in her arms—arms perhaps long since weary from hard work. The mother regarded her sleeping child, a grimy and untended yet beautiful cherub, with lustreless gray eyes, glancing around occasionally to see if a chair had been vacated.

The representative made a mental note that she must not be late to assist with the class on Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick open to the public by the Red Cross which teaches the principles of personal hygiene, how to plan a healthful home, how to safeguard the health of babies and small children, how to make an ill person comfortable, how to serve competently in common ailments, and how to take part in the promotion and protection of community health.

And after that comes the meeting of the Macon Junior Red Cross. Such eager

children? At present their international school correspondence is causing much excitement among them.

Unconsciously the worker sought to bring her futile conversation with Hezekiah to an end. "According to the law it would seem that you have never been married. I'm sorry Hezekiah, but there is nothing we can do but help you a little bit personally. The government can't do anything for your—er—'family.'" Briskly she rose from her desk, filled in a card ordering provisions for Hezekiah, and dismissed him with a wave of her hand.

"I iz sho disappointed, Miss Red Cross, dat I iz! But if'n you kin help me a lil' bit pussonly I'll fergib yer." The darky leaned closer to the astonished worker and in a confidential tone added, "Ise planned ter quit Liza Jane nex' month en faver uv er lil' yaller nigger frum New Orleans. Lawdy! Miss Red Cross, she sho am 'slick'."

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UNREST

*I am
The pale gold star that gleams alone
Beyond the night's great black;
The cloud that cares not where it's blown
Or if it ne'er come back.*

*Not like the ship that rides the sea
Her destiny in mind.
Those nearby goals still seem to me
The same as those behind.*

*I see
A thousand lights by which some live:
Ideals, they seem to be.
Mine's gone too far from me to give
That calm, cool surety.*

Helen Pafford.

SONG AT TWILIGHT

*Hold me closely, love me dearly
In your tender, strong embrace.
In soft lights I can't so clearly
See the freckles on your face.*

Hazel Birch.

On Buying a Dress

Frances Gibbs Tells of Getting the Dress That Needs You



OFTEN wonder if anyone gets as much pleasure out of the wearisome business of buying a dress as I do. I always have high expectations when I enter a dress shop, but unless I find *my* dress, I usually have nothing but sore feet and a headache when the saleslady finishes with me.

Most of the time a woman goes into a dress shop not because she needs a dress, but because she feels that perhaps there may be a dress that needs her, some beautiful and stylish dress of dignity, or femininity, or sophistication, or whatever dress suits her mood or "type" (if she has one).

A strange thing about dresses is the direct and irresistible appeal they have, if one opens her heart to them. A woman knows immediately when she has found

her dress. She may go into innumerable stores, try on innumerable dresses, comb her hair innumerable times, hesitate over each of these innumerable dresses,



and yet when she sees her dress there is no indecision or doubt. The moment one finds a dress and know beyond a shadow of a doubt that the dress is *hers*, not that day, perhaps—but soon—is one of

the most exalting and happiest moments of life. The dress is hers although she has to have the saleslady put it away for her until she has enough money to buy it. One really doesn't mind paying a few extra dollars for a dress that is really *made* for her.

There is no mistaking when a woman finds a dress for her, and for herself alone. It is like getting "A" on a theme, or falling in love, or finding eight letters in the mailbox. It is also perplexing: she nearly has a mental collapse trying to figure out why the dress wasn't purchased before she entered the shop.

On leaving she actually beams on the saleswoman who told her twenty minutes before that a dress was a "perfect fit" when any child could see that its long sleeves came to the elbows and its length to the knees.

The Intelligence of Athletes

Elizabeth Johnson defends the Football Hero



THE question "How great is the intelligence of an athlete?" is one that has received much discussion and been answered in many different ways.

The general opinion is, I believe, that all athletes are big, broad-shouldered specimens of manhood with the mental intelligence of a child or—in other words—Tarzanic morons.

In my discussion I shall use the football player to represent the athlete, because the game of football is probably more universally understood and enjoyed than any other sport.

It is my belief—perhaps a mistaken one, but my very own—that football

players are as intelligent as average people and oftentimes more so. It is quite true that a boy doesn't have to be a mental genius to be on a football team, but is there a man alive who, once having heard that amazing string of numerals uttered preceding each play, won't admit that some intelligence is needed to translate that jumble of sound into the correct plays?

Perhaps the public opinion of an athlete's intelligence is founded more on his scholastic record. It does seem to be true that football players have difficulty in their studies. Sometimes it is even necessary for them to be tutored in a subject in order that their grades may

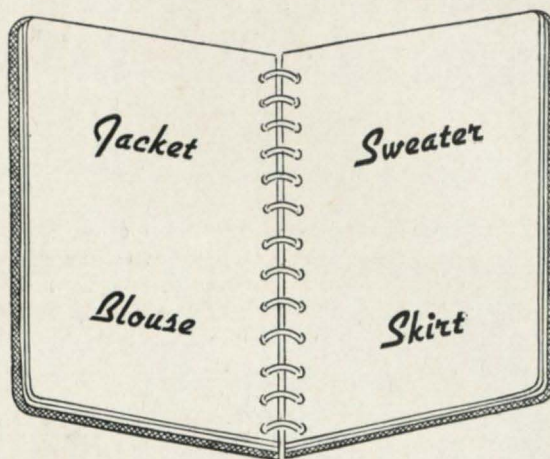
be sufficiently high to allow them to play on the team. But isn't it true that many hours must be spent everyday in football practice in order to keep in the "pink of condition" for the next game? There isn't much time left after this practice for studies, but even if there were, what ordinary person could—after hours of mental and physical toil—make much progress with book lore? Even the poor grades that they make deserve praise and not criticism.

To conclude and to reiterate, I believe that football players, and by them I mean all athletes, are as intelligent as those persons taking it upon themselves to criticize their intellect.



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